

Four Footed FAVOURITES

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C L E V E R D A S H .

WHAT a number of good and clever dogs there are in the world—dogs that can be trusted, because they love to obey and do just what they are told.

I know a lady who had a dog named Dash, which seemed never so happy as when allowed to carry a parcel for his mistress, with which he trotted proudly by her side.

Dash lived at a place called Epsom ; and, like many little boys and girls, he was fond of riding in a train. He would often run to the station and get into a first-class carriage, jumping out, when the train stopped, to visit some town upon the line and amuse himself in the streets. Then he would return to the station, and take another train to some village beyond. Once he was met by one who knew him with a piece of meat in his mouth, which must have been given him, for good dogs do not steal. But although Dash loved to ride in trains during the day, he did not forget to return home, with wagging tail, for supper.

If his mistress took him for a walk, he did not care to ride in a train that day.

He was fond of having a stick in his mouth ; and if this stick was flung into a pond, Dash plunged boldly in after it, not only when

the water was warm with the heat of the summer sun, but also when it was very cold because the days were chilly. How different from a little boy I once knew, who was ordered to have a cold bath every morning to make him grow strong, and who shook with fear and screamed when the water touched him!

Poor Dash ! He went riding in a train once too often. One evening his mistress looked in vain to see him enter the house with wagging tail to get his supper ; and the next day and many days came and went, but Dash never returned to Epsom any more to do what he was told. The last time he was seen, it was sitting on the cushion of a first-class railway carriage, looking out of the window.

John lingered on the sunny bank,
Returning from the school,
To see how grandly Dash plunged in
Where lilies graced the pool.

And once again he saw him plunge
When wintry days were cold ;
And wished he were as brave as Dash
To do what he was told.



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OUR TOM.

OUR Tom is one of the fattest, finest cats that ever sat on a hearth-rug and purred before the fire.

Every one who sees him says, "What a nice creature!" for his coat is as soft as velvet; and if you stroke him only for a moment he will sing you a loud, long song.

But our Tom, I am sorry to tell, can be cross as well as kind. When we first had him, he was a small kitten; and as we had a tabby kitten also of the same age, we thought the two little cats would be happy playmates. But Tom did not like the pretty tabby, and the older he grew the more and more unkind he became to her. Sometimes he robbed her of her dinner, and boxed her ears if she only tried to get just a little piece of what had been put upon a plate on purpose for her.

Minx, the poor tabby, was very meek and mild through all the bad treatment she got, and never lifted an angry paw to strike Tom in return. Still, she did not like to be cuffed and beaten every day for nothing; so she made up her mind to seek a new home. She had not to go far to find a good one. The children in the house next door loved kittens; and when Minx went to them mewing one day, after her ears had been much boxed, they

took her in kindly, and have kept her ever since.

Sometimes she comes and looks in at the windows of her old home, as if to ask if we are all well and happy; but if cross Tom sees her, he springs upon a little table or chair, wagging a thick angry tail, growling so loudly that Minx runs back again as fast as she can.

We grieve to say that our fine fat cat likes better to catch birds than mice. We once had a nice young sparrow that loved to come into a warm greenhouse, out of the cold and snow, and pick up the crumbs with which we fed it; and one day all we saw, instead of our chirping merry sparrow, was a heap of brown feathers on the ground, and sleek Tom sitting beside them, as though he had done nothing naughty.

O Tom, you hear a flutter soft,
And stealthily you tread;
There's mischief in your fierce green eye,
And murder in your head.

You'd like to hush the sweetest song
That ever yet was known;—
Go, hunt the rat, you cunning cat,
And let the birds alone.





THE PET LAMB.

N O one could know gentle Alice Miles without loving her; for she had so sweet a temper and such kind ways, she was the joy of her home. Alice loved to go out into the green fields, when school was over, and watch the white clouds in the blue sky, and listen to the happy birds singing in the waving trees; for she cared for trees, and flowers, and every living thing. But more than all, Alice cared for her dear pet lamb, which would come bounding to meet her when she climbed over the stile into the field. What pleasant walks the two friends took in the wood together! Sometimes Alice sat down under the shade of a spreading tree and read a pretty book, while her white pet lay sleeping by her side.

This meek lamb was not like a very clever and cunning one I have read of, which was able to stand upon its head and perform many funny tricks, and seemed never so happy as when it was in mischief. This lamb was very fond of parsley, and so cleared the beds whenever it got a chance of doing so, that the gardener made up his mind to protect one of them under a glass shade. This was soon broken, no one knew how, and some of the parsley was eaten. The gardener then placed

a frame with thicker glass over what was left; but even this, after a time, was found smashed, although no one ever dreamed that the lamb could have done the damage.

Then a new frame was bought, and a strict watch kept. One day, soon after, the pet lamb was seen to walk and smell all round the frame, and then to go away. Presently it came back with a stone in its mouth, with which it struck the glass till it had made a hole through which it could get its head; and having done this, it cropped away at the parsley.

However far away Alice's pet lamb might be, it always seemed to hear her call, and ran to her as fast as its legs could carry it. So good children ~~love to~~ obey, without asking their parents ~~why~~.

Loud sang the birds, and sunshine bright
On stream and meadow lay,
When Alice asked her own pet lamb,—
“What do the sweet birds say?”

The young lambs frisked; the wild birds
Yet louder from the wood, [sang
And answered, “All things must be glad,
Because our God is good.”

THE SQUIRREL TREE.

HARRY JONES was one of the best little boys I ever knew. He fed the birds with crumbs every morning when the frost was hard; and one day when the cook upset the jug of milk and spilled most of it, he begged she would let him have coffee with no milk in it for breakfast, that Puss might not go without hers.

Harry was very fond of his sister Mary; and when the days were warm and sunny, and he had said his lessons well and done his sums nicely, his mamma allowed him to take her to the wood close by, to what was called "The Squirrel Tree." Squirrels are very shy little creatures, but they had become so used to see the kind children sitting at the foot of their favourite tree, that they were not afraid of them; and so they played their merry pranks, and sprang from bough to bough, as if they were quite sure Harry and Mary would never throw stones at them.

Once the children could not help laughing aloud at the squirrels' funny tricks; and the happy little creatures scampered away to the very top of the high tree, as if harm might come to them from the noise. But when they peeped through the branches with their bright

eyes, and saw their young friends sitting quite still beneath them, they soon came down and played wild games as before.

When the leaves turned red upon the tree, the squirrels seemed to think it was time to collect a store of nuts, upon which they might feed in the winter. So they left off playing, and set to work to fill nooks in the branches and holes in the ground with nuts and acorns. Once the children took some nuts and placed them in a small heap at the foot of the tree; and pleased they were to see the squirrels run down the big trunk to carry off such treasures.

But first they turned each nut over and over, to be sure there was no hole in it; for they never store away any that are worm-eaten.

Children are not always as wise as squirrels in knowing what to eat or lay by; but if they ask their kind parents when in doubt, they will not do wrong.

They search through the wood
For the nuts that are good,
The rotten they always refuse;
Oh were I as wise
As these pets with bright eyes,
The good from the evil to choose.



